autographed copy by author

1852.

"THE MAIL" CARRIER'S NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

Again the wheels of time rush furious round
Th' appointed goal that ends the circling year,
And launched once more into the vast profound,
Old Earth rolls onward in a new career.
O power divine! who still art very near,
To guide this ponderous globe through starry space,
And make its times and seasons reappear,
Renewing all things, as Thy hands erase
The past decay, and death with life replace.

Praise be to Thee, Great God! The vernal flowers
Again will follow winter's barren reign,
And verdant grapes o'ercrown the summer bowers,
And naked fields be clothed with teeming grain,
The ice-bound streams dissolved will flow again,
And sparkle in the sunshine joyously;
The birds will come back, a merry train,
Singing the songs of summer by the sea,
And all creation join the harmony.

See these things right, O man! and ne'er believe
Thou art not struggling hopeless and alone;
The prophecies of nature ne'er deceive,
And sublime prophecies in cheerful tone
Doubt not thy destiny! though time has flown
Through countless ages since thy doubts began,
Truth is immortal, and will yet dethrone
Usurping error from the heart of man,
And yet secure Creation's ancient plan.

What bubbles up somehow? it is honest deeds,
Warm hearts, true thoughts; and hands that fear
no toil.
What ruins nations? 'tis the vice that feeds
A slavish spirit, grovelling in the soil.
Downlooked and shrinking from the brave turmoil
Ours is no paradise, where freedom dwells
Amid soft indulgencies that will not sully
By rank possession; no—rough as the swells
Of wintry ocean, Freedom ever repels.

And thus it is in our dear father-land,
Where earnest men for ages have been found,
Whose sturdy spirit and whose ready hand
Were trained to labor in a frugal ground.
Though rough their clime, yet there alone the sound
Of freedom's speech was spoken ages long;
And nations trembling when their despots frowned
Heard with amaze the fearless English tongue,
Which like a trumpet o'er Europe rung.

There freedom's fruits are harvested in full,
In deeds, not empty boasts that souls o'erpan;
Nor for herself alone doth Britain pull
The glorious curtains of the realms of man;
But all she has, she gives, and lays a plan
To impart the nations more, to come and learn
The secrets of her greatness, and to scan
Within her Crystal Halls, the way to earn
The powers and happiness for which they yearn.

And there is hope for Freedom everywhere;
Since mighty Britain leads and points the way,
Old Europe groans to arise in despair,
But already awaits the coming day,
Which shall forever wash despotic away.
All yet is dark. But no! With wild delight
Hungary's watch-towers spy the breaking day;
The cock is crowing, and the fading night
Reveals the gathering hosts for freedom's fight.

And lo! emerging from the prison's gloom,
The man stands forth who bids the nations rise.
Great Kossuth sounds the tramp of Austria's doom,
And Albion's cliffs re-echo to the skies.
The storm which o'er the wide Atlantic flies—
"Help, help for Freedom! O thou saxon race,
Will thou the brotherhood of man despise?
The gifts God gave thee will thou dare disgrace,
And scornful from us turn thy haughty face?"

"Help, help, for freedom! Britain she is won,
Her hand is stretched to grasp the Russian bear.
O free America! thou art undone
If these will not this glorious venture share;
Thy banners blayest will pollute the air;
And freemen loathe the mention of thy name;
And Hungary will burn in her despair;
And Italy disgorge thy cherished fame;
Dead at the [illegible]

Above the din of selfishness and fear
Like thunder-bolts the words of Kossuth fall;
The people start and turn an eager ear,
And strong sympathy enflames them all;
As truth o'erleaps deception's brazen wall;
Their hearts are melted at the tragic tale
Of martyred liberty, and loud they call,
"Help, help our freedom!" till the despots quail
Like cowering beasts beneath a storm of hail.

Aye, there is hope at last. The Atlantic's gales
Have fanned the Eagle's banners not in vain;
Full soon he will return with ardent wings
To rivet fast the Anglo-Saxon chain,
And bind our race and ink our hearts again.
Then up for Liberty! The rub-cross gleams
Begirt with lightnings o'er the stormy main;
And proud America—broke from her dreams—
With freshened lustre sheds her starry beams.

And thou dear Canada! Land of our love;
Free-hearted, truthful, and with plenty blest,
The storms of revolution never move
Thy firm foundations, which securely rest
Upon the rocks our fathers proved the best.
Happy art thou our country! yet the fate
Of poor humanity inflames thy breast
With tender pity for the fallen great,
And ardent will to aid their lost estate.

Dear Country! by thy hills of waving pine—
Thy ocean lakes, and cloudy cataracts wild—
Thy fertile plains—the peace and plenty thine—
Thy truth—thy loyalty still undefiled—
Freedom invokes thee, Albion's noblest child,
To proclaim the nations hope away!
The sun-light on thy youthful heart has smiled,
And thy free woodland step should lead the way
On glorious progress to its perfect day.

Aye, there is hope at last! lo, everywhere
Men wait the melting of the wintry snow,
Like forest trees, all rigid, bleak and bare,
Refusing as the sap begins to flow.
Old Time comes laden with the future now,
And every eye strains at the coming year;
And there is light! it comes! Ye nations bow,
God has stunned up your long-sustained arrear,
And the glad [illegible] of your redemption's near.

130336

1852a